Really Bad Eggs

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Really Bad Eggs

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Summary

In the world of the walking dead, Sam and Dean know better than to trust the living.

Notes

This is a companion piece to New Dawn (check the series tag), but can be read as a one-shot. What you need to know is that in this universe, the Zombie Apocalypse happens just before Cas and Dean pop out of Purgatory. A few years down the line, Cas goes missing and Dean, naturally, loses his mind. TWD canon divergence 06.14 (post Hilltop deal). SPN canon divergence 08.01 (post Purgatory).

For those of you who ARE reading New Dawn, I know you're probably SUPER upset with me right now. This is a little gift to tide you over :) This story takes place around Chapter 27: “Whack-A-Mole”. What has Dean been up to, and why is he angry-praying to Castiel? Well, you’re about to find out :)

Sam sighed pointedly. Dean continued to ignore him.

It was a stupidly hot day. Naturally, their piece of crap car had broken down. Where, exactly, he could not be sure. The asshole Sam called a brother threw their maps out the window, *insisting* they were off, and if Sam would be so kind as to shut his *cakehole*, Dean would get them where they needed to go. Which was, apparently, a dusty side road in the middle of bumfuck nowhere.

Thanks, Dean.

On the upside, it was a flat area with good visibility in all directions. It meant that they would see a horde coming from a mile away. The last thing they needed on top of a bum car was a bunch of hungry undead freaks.

Sam scratched his chin, trying to remember the last time he'd shaved without using the car's side mirror. About a week ago, they'd traded their last hand grenade for a crappy 78' Lincoln Continental. It was slow, gaudy, and guzzled gas like a thirsty sailor on shore. A real bargain, according to the old hippy who'd sold it to them.

In those days, older cars were a hot commodity. Sure, they broke down constantly, but they had fewer pesky electronics and could generally be put back together with duct tape and some string. For that reason, Dean Winchester was currently sprawled out on his back, tinkering away at the Continental's innards.

Sam bravely resisted the urge to kick his brother in the shin. "Dude," he said after another long-suffering sigh, "at some point, even duct tape won't be enough to hold this thing together."

Dean grunted. "That's quitters-talk, Sam."

Sam ran a hand over his face. "I'm just saying, we might want to consider a different way to get around."

"Such as?"

"Bicycles?" Sam suggested tentatively.

Dean stopped whatever he was doing under the car. “How dare you,” he said coldly, voice brimming with barely-contained rage.

Sam rolled his eyes. “Or not.” He turned around, lifting his face to the sky. He inhaled sharply, gathering the strength needed to argue with his bone-headed brother. Leaning back against the open hood, Sam began, “Dean, maybe we can - “

The Continental’s massive front dipped under Sam’s weight.

Dean yelped, kicking his feet. “Sam!”

Startled, Sam leaped off the car, realizing he’d accidentally used it as a stool. The massive bumper lurched back up with a tired groan. “My bad,” Sam said sheepishly, running his hand through his hair. “I was gonna say, there might be a community around here somewhere, other people. We need supplies, and you need a break, Dean.”

Under the car, Dean ripped off another piece of duct tape. “Most people ain’t nothing but trouble. You know how it is.”

“There are still good people out there,” Sam protested.

Dean snorted. “That right?” He shimmied out from beneath the car, squinting up at Sam. “Do you remember the swamp people? Or that freaky goat cult down in Florida?” He grunted as he stood, wiping his hands on his shirt. “What about that chick that tried to eat your -”

"*I remember*," Sam interrupted hurriedly, shuddering.

"She wasn't even a monster or anything," Dean rambled on anyway, hand hovering over his own junk for emphasis, "I don't ever wanna know what she put in that friggin' *stew* - "

"Alright, Jesus, I get it," Sam snapped, stomach churning. He ran a hand over his face, grimacing. "It's not about making friends with the locals, Dean. We do need supplies, and maybe someone around here has seen - "

Wincing, Sam clamped his mouth shut before the C-word could slip out. Judging by Dean's thunderous expression, he hadn't been fast enough. Sam sighed inwardly, knowing another tirade was just around the corner. Dean had ninety-nine problems, and at least ninety-six of them were Castiel.

It had been hard enough to navigate Dean's emotional state when he'd thought Castiel was dead. Over the past year, they'd tried a number of spells, rituals, incantations… anything they could think of to help them find Castiel. They'd sought out friends and enemies alike, anything for a wisp of information about Castiel's whereabouts.

None of the locating spells ever worked, until suddenly, one of them did. Of course, it only worked on hallowed ground while sprinkling a compass with the drops of a lover's blood, but it did work. Dean's arm was starting to look like a well-used cutting board. Sam, naively, thought Dean would be over the moon.

Except no, Dean was angry. Which of course he was. Trust Dean Winchester to pick a fight with someone who wasn't even there.

Sam loved his brother, he truly did. But he was also tired. All he wanted was a shower and a change of underwear. He did not want a rehash of "A year, Sam! It's been a year! Not a ping, not a pang. Nada! We thought he was dead! And now he's back, spells say he's back, he's most *definitely* back, and there's not so much as a 'hello, Dean' or some kinda *explanation*, or I dunno, apology, y'know, for putting us through hell, for *a year*. We thought he was dead, Sam, and now he's back doing who-knows-what with who-knows-who, and he, what, can't even zap in to tell us he's still alive?"

Dean always said “us” and “we” when what he truly meant was “me”.

Fortunately, for now Dean only glowered at Sam and made his way to the Continential’s trunk, probably to retrieve another roll of duct tape. Sam breathed out a sigh of relief.

The feeling of relief was short-lived. Someone was headed their way, coming down the road in a beat-up truck. Just their luck.

Sam called out a warning, “Incoming.”

“I see ‘em. I’m gonna pull a hangover.”

“No problem,” Sam agreed easily. He turned to face the newcomers, raising his hands to show he meant no harm. Behind him, he heard the Continental’s trunk slam shut. “Here we go,” he muttered to himself. Dean was right. They had to assume the worst about everyone.

Predictably, the truck pulled over. Five men climbed out. Sam gave them a quick lookover. They were armed, which wasn’t unusual. They stared at him suspiciously, which also wasn’t at all unusual.

A middle-aged man with a receding hairline and a truly impressive mustache took a step forward, thumbs looped in his belt. “Hi there,” the man said, amicably enough. He wasn’t the largest of the bunch, nor the most formidable, but he carried himself like he was their leader. “We haven’t met, have we? I know I haven’t seen you before.” His eyes crinkled as he looked at Sam up and down. “Buddy, no offense but you’re kind of hard to miss.”

Sam dropped his hands slowly but kept them open at his sides in case the strangers got jumpy. “We haven’t. I’m just passing through.”

The man hummed. “Car giving you trouble?”

“You could say that,” Sam smiled sheepishly, shrugging a little. “It’s the alternator, I think.”

“That *is* unfortunate,” the stranger said, sauntering closer to peer down at the open hood. He let out a whistle. “Huh, would you look at that?”

Sam cleared his throat. “I don’t want to trouble you…”

The stranger’s smile turned sharp, like a shark’s. “It’s no trouble,” he said and pulled out a handgun, pointing it in Sam’s face. “The pleasure’s all mine.”

Dismayed, Sam made a show of swallowing nervously. “I don’t have much.” He took a small step back, bumping the car with his hip. “Guys, please, there’s *five* of you and only one of me…”

One of the men, a massive individual in a too-tight tank top, stepped closer. He began to pat Sam down. He was none too gentle about it, and when he circled his arm around Sam’s waist (to relieve Sam of his handgun) his massive bald head accidentally checked Sam in the chin.

"Sorry," the huge man said sheepishly, pulling back with Sam's knife and handgun.

The leader, still holding Sam at gunpoint, sighed. "Don't apologize to the man we're threatening, Leroy."

"Sorry, Simon."

The leader, *Simon,* apparently, rolled his eyes before plucking Sam’s knife from Leroy’s hand. He scrunched his eyebrows, turning the knife in his hand, the other one still pointing a gun in Sam’s face. “Is this Arabic?” Simon asked, puzzled, examining the engravings on the blade.

Sam dropped his shoulders, trying to appear weak and scared. Despite his height, it was a move that worked out for him about ninety percent of the time. “I don’t, uh, I don’t really know,” Sam stammered, adopting a pleading tone. “It’s yours, alright? Take whatever you want. Just let me go, please.”

“Easy there, jolly green giant.” Simon chuckled lightly, eyes glinting. “We will take all your stuff, thank you *very much*. Much obliged.” He let out a sharp whistle.

Immediately, two of his men went around the car, opening its doors and crouching down to inspect its undercarriage. *It’s not their first rodeo*, Sam thought in dismay. *So much for meeting the locals.*

Simon seemed to take pleasure in Sam’s apparent meekness. “I haven’t decided whether or not I want to kill you. Honestly - “ he said as he gave Sam an appreciative lookover - ”I just might want to keep you.” He paused before clarifying, “I did *not* mean that in a sexual way.”

He continued, “I could use a big guy like you on my team.” His voice was casual, as if he wasn’t holding Sam at gunpoint. Grinning and wiggling his eyebrows, Simon leaned forward like he was divulging a secret. “Take my boy Leroy, for example. Dumb as a bag of rocks, but *man*, those *Triceps*.”

“Boss,” Leroy called out from the Continental’s backseat. “There’s just a bunch of old books.”

“Anything interesting?” Simon asked, eyebrows raised.

“Why do you care about some books?” Leroy wondered, puzzled.

Simon sighed. “I care because I am a *goddamned intellectual*, Leroy.” He shot Sam a look that said, *see what I mean?*

Another one of his men was struggling to open the Continental's trunk. "This shit's not opening," the man said, grunting. "I think it's jammed."

Sam tried to look sheepish. "Sorry, it does that." He inclined his head, calling out, "If the *two of you* just pulled really hard…"

Simon rolled his eyes. "Gut him if he tries anything," he barked, gesturing for two of his men to step forward. He handed Sam's knife to one of them, a heavy-set man with a rather unfortunate underbite. Then he turned and made his way to the back of the car, grumbling, "Move, let me see. You know, back in the day I drove the *sweetest* 69' Camaro. These old cars, you just have to show them you *care*. Alright, on three. *One-"*

The Continental's trunk burst open, catching Simon and the other two by surprise. Not waiting for the buckshots following Simon's cry of pain, Sam leaped into action. With an ease borne of decades, Sam punched the heavy-set man in the jugular, taking back his knife. He slashed the second man's forearm, causing him to drop his handgun, then followed with a swipe to the throat. Ruby's knife worked just as well on regular human beings.

The heavy man clutched at his throat, gasping. A well-aimed punch knocked him off his feet, sending him to the ground, moaning. His companion was already incapacitated, gasping his last breaths, blood bubbling on his lips. He was done for, so Sam knelt down and finished him off before he could turn. Across the car, Dean was making quick work of the remaining three.

Not long after, Sam and Dean were finishing tying up their would-be robber. Three had survived the attempt, including Simon and Leroy. They took their weapons and broke the radio Simon wore on his belt.

"I'm too old for this shit," Dean grumbled, standing up. His back gave an audible crack, and he sighed. He then turned to Sam, glaring. "You know, we coulda solved this much faster if we still had that *grenade launcher*."

Sam rolled his eyes. "What do you want to do with them?"

Dean grunted, shrugging. “Leave ‘em, I don’t care.” He turned to their attacker’s vehicle, a four-door pickup truck. There was nothing in the pickup’s bed except for a couple of jerry cans. Dean went ahead and opened the driver’s side door. “Tank’s full,” Dean announced, pleased. “We could finally ditch Goldie,” he added, referring to the Continental.

The men tied at Sam’s feet were starting to come around. Simon moaned, squeezing his eyes. He had a nasty gash on his forehead, having been knocked out by the trunk’s lid.

“Wha-?” Simon said, eyes focusing slowly. He blinked up at Sam, realizing, to his shock, that he was tied up.

“Don’t worry,” Sam said, mouth pursed. “It’s nothing sexual.”

Slowly, still blinking up with unfocused eyes, Simon’s mouth curved in a grin.

A vibrating buzzing noise came from the direction of the pickup truck. Sam pursed his lips in a grimace. “*Dude*,” he called out, aghast. “Stop it.”

The buzzing stopped. “It’s just a *razor*, Sasquash, relax.”

Simon started to laugh.

“What’s so funny?” Sam frowned.

“You’ve fucked up,” Simon laughed, mustache stretching around his wide grin. “You’ve fucked up really, really, bad. *Negan is going to tear you apart*.”

Sam raised his eyebrows. The name meant absolutely nothing to him. “...Okay?”

Carrying a bag of salty chips in his hands, Dean sauntered back from the truck. “She hot?” he wondered absent-mindedly, most of his attention on the snack.

Confused, Simon stopped laughing. “What?”

Dean stuffed a handful of chips into his mouth. “Megan,” he said while chewing, “She the one running things around here, or what?”

Simon looked at Dean in bemusement. “Negan,” he repeated, blinking slowly. “I didn’t say ‘Megan’, I said ‘Negan’.”

Dean frowned. “Really?”

“He did say ‘Negan’,” Sam supplied helpfully. “I’m pretty sure.”

“Not a lady?”

Simon scowled. "No."

Leroy, tied to Simon’s back, was waking up slightly, mumbling, "We're all Negan."

“That’s lame,” Dean said, licking the salt off his fingers. He handed the bag to Sam before crouching down. He patted Simon’s face in faux-friendliness, using the same hand he’d just licked. “Hey you, Simon Says. You seen anyone else pass through here recently? Lil’ shorter than me, blue eyes, trench coat?” He added, “Really freakin’ handsome?”

Simon stared back at Dean, mustache twitching. "No."

Dean scowled. "Are you sure?"

Smirking, Simon asked, "You're a special kind of stupid, aren't you?"

Dean stood up slowly. There was a glint in his eye. “Hey, Sam?”

“Yeah?”

“Grab me that electric razor, would ya?”

“Dude, *no*.”

There was no stopping Dean once he’d made up his mind about something. Sam had protested, of course, but he secretly enjoyed leaving Simon with *half* his mustache as well as a reverse Mohawk. Dean, still cackling, climbed into the truck’s driver’s seat, stopping only to crush the electric razor under his boot.

“Sorry about him,” Sam told a glowering Simon. He tried, unsuccessfully, to hide his smirk. If looks could kill, Sam would’ve dropped dead on the spot. He left a pocket knife at their feet, before tossing the Continental’s keys into the field. “There’s some duct tape in the back,” he supplied helpfully, taking his leave.

Maybe it was a mistake, but Sam didn’t have it in his heart to abandon these men to die. They were douchebags, yes, but they were *human* douchebags.

Yet something kept niggling at Sam, long after he could no longer see the Continental in the truck’s rearview mirror. “Negan,” Sam said quietly, testing the word on his tongue. Frowning, he looked at Dean. “Does that sound familiar to you?”

Dean tapped at the steering wheel in thought. “Don’t think so?”

“I think we’ve heard that name before.” The more Sam thought about it, the surer he was.

Dean licked his lips. “Hmm.” After a few moments, he clicked his fingers in triumph. “Tampa, 1992.”

“What?”

“Old man Negan! C’mon, you gotta remember him. Old hunter buddy of Dad’s. Had that freaky glass eye and a badass scar, don’t you remember?” Dean gave Sam a sideway look, incredulous. “He saved Dad’s life, like, *three times*!”

Sam frowned. “Think it might be him?”

“Nah,” Dean said, shaking his head. “Dude’s gotta be pushing a hundred, if he’s still around. There’s no way.”

“You’re probably right,” Sam said. He watched the open road, the skies turning orange with the approaching sunset. “Still, Negan’s not really a common name, is it?”

Dean shrugged. “Maybe he’s got kids.”

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